SIX NEW SONGS BY T. BRIGHAM BISHOP

#2993 6

Mary E. Bennitt.

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PIANO.

GUITAR

1. The wild wood birds. Song & Cho. 3½
2. Mary's away. Ballad. 3½
3. I stood on the shore. Song. 3½
4. Come be queen of the forest 3½
5. Adella Maine 3½
6. Indians Lament 3½

ST LOUIS.
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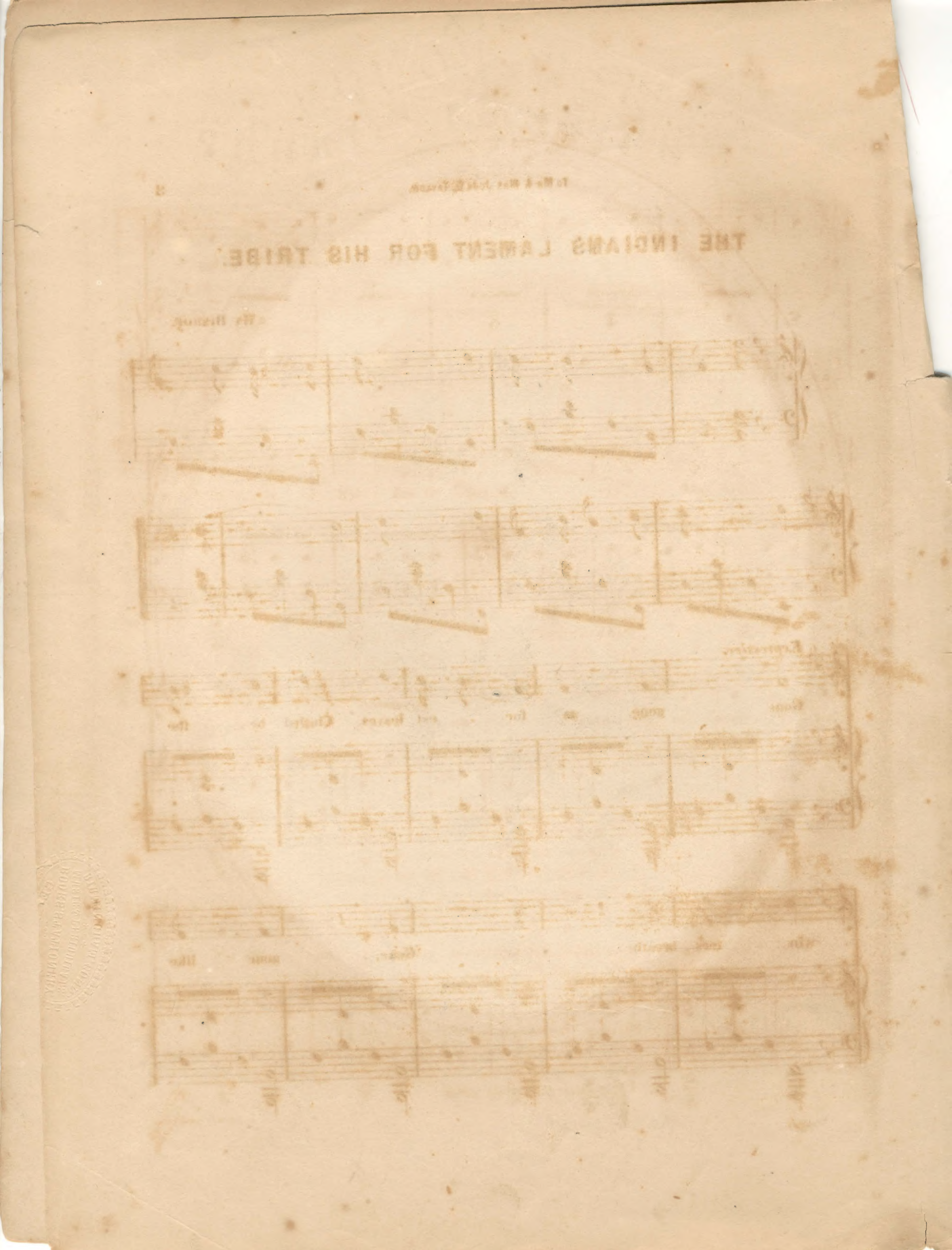
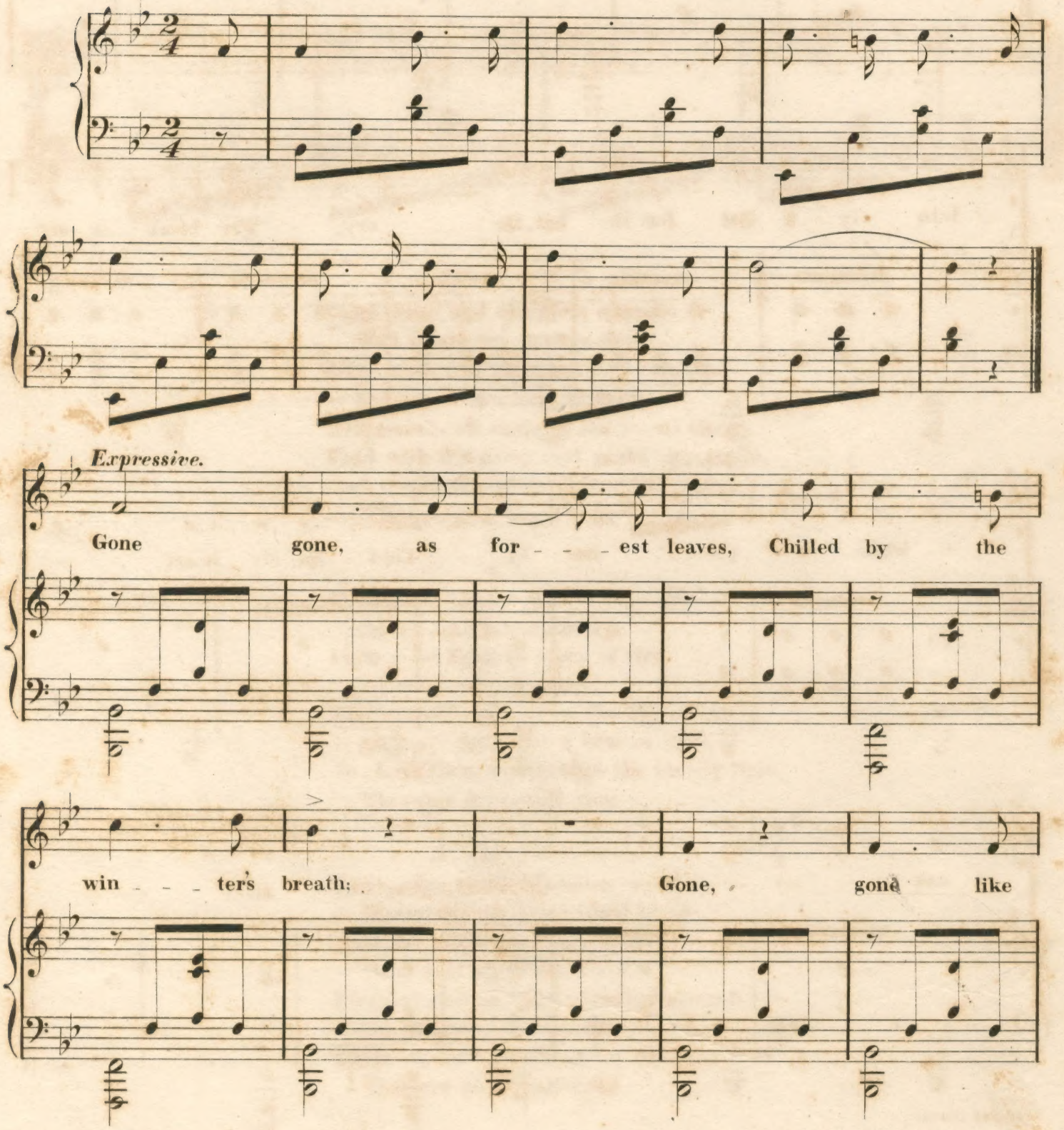


THE INDIANS LAMENT FOR HIS TRIBE.

By Bishop.



gol _ _ _ den sheaves, Bound by the hand of death; . . . . . .

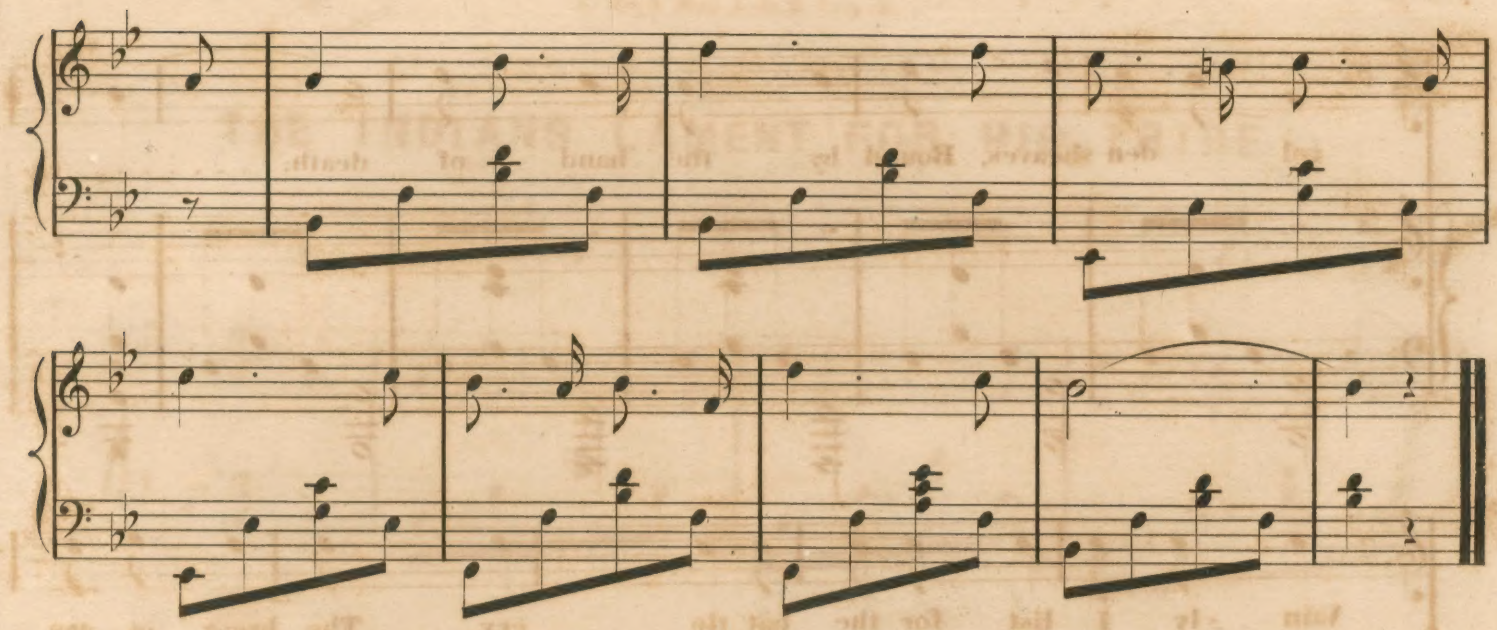
Vain _ _ _ ly I list for the bat_tle cry, The breez _ _ es are

ritard.

si _ _ lent that pass . . . . . me by; Cold is my heart, and

f *mf* *p*

wet . . . . . my eye; They are gone gone all gone.



2.

Gone, gone, and countless mounds
Tell where my natives sleep;
Gone, gone, and the wild deer bounds,
Over each mouldering heap;
The tomahawk rusts in the forest shade,
Cold with the damp that years have made,
And marks the spot of their ambuscade,
Who are gone— all gone.

3.

Gone, gone, for the white man's ire
Swept like a tempest by;
Gone, gone, through a sea of fire,
Of tears and of agony;
The smouldering cot of the foe at night,
Is no more seen like a beacon light,
To cheer them on through the bloody fight,
They are gone— all gone.

4.

Gone, gone, and I alone
Mourn for the vanquished brave;
Gone, gone, like an arrow flown,
Or a waif upon the wave;
Pleasant now are their hunting grounds;
Dried are their tears—and healed their wounds,
While my ears drink in but the mournful sounds,
They are gone— all gone.